

ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

FOUR

P O E S M S

VIZ:

I. ARMINE and ELVIRA.

II. The HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

III. The DESERTED VILLAGE.

IV. The TRAVELLER.

AK.

TOUR
P O E M S

I. ARRIVING AND DEPARTING

II. THE HERMITAGE

III. THE DEER

IV. THE TRAVELLER



AK

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE

IN TWO PARTS.

BY

MR. CARTWRIGHT.



ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTLOB EMANUEL RICHTER,
and committed to A. F. BOEME Bookseller
in LEIPZIG. MDCCLXXIII.

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BY
MRS. C. A. R. T. W. R. I. G. H. T.



ALTKNURCH

Printed for Cottrell Emanuel Richter,
and sold to A. E. Bonn Bookshop
in Leipzig. MDCCLXXIII.

THE AUTHOR OF
ARMINE AND ELVIRA

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

T RUE to the Cares that led thy early Youth
Thro' Paths where Science points to Taste and
Truth;

True to the Hopes that letter'd Labour knows,
Watching the Bloom of Genius as it blows;
True to the generous Pleasures that attend,
When smiling Fruits the cultur'd Branches bend:
O! with that Muse, who Gifts like these can give,
Live in long Favour, long Affection live!

For me, who once with happier Fortunes blest,
Felt in the Feast of Life a finer Zest;
Who gain'd, unloaded with the Weight of Years,
The Port where ev'ry human Vessel steers;
Since Death, with Nature's noblest Works at Strife,
Quench'd the fair Star that smil'd upon my Life:
For me what Charms, what Lenitives remain,
Save the soft Measures of some soothing strain?

And such were thine(*) ; when in that lowly Shade,
Where, now long lost, my tender Hopes are laid
Thy tuneful Woe stole sweetly on my Ear,
And thy Eye swell'd the universal Tear.

For such fair Service may thy gentle Heart,
Where once I held, and long would hold a Part,
Should it beneath almighty Love's Controul
Sigh for the *Mutuality of Soul*,
Meet each mild Virtue in its future Fair,
Like ARMINE love, and find ELVIRA there.

(*) Alluding to CONSTANTIA, an Elegy to the Me-
mory of Mrs. LANGHORNE.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART I.

A HERMIT on the Banks of TRENT,
Far from the World's bewildering Maze,
To humbler Scenes of calm Content,
Had fled from brighter, busier Days.

If haply from his guarded Breast
Should steal the unsuspected Sigh,
And Memory, an unbidden Guest,
With former Passions fill'd his Eye;

Then pious Hope and Duty prais'd

The Wisdom of th' ~~UNEERING~~ SWAYS

And while his Eye to Heaven he rais'd,

Its silent Waters sunk away.

Life's gayer Ensigns once he bore—

Ah! what avails the mournful Tale?

Suffice it, when the Scene was o'er,

He fled to the sequester'd Vale.

"What tho' the Joys I lov'd so well,

"The charms, he cry'd, that youth has known,

"Fly from the Hermit's lonely Cell!

"Yet is not ARMINE still my own?

"Yes, ARMINE, yes, thou valued Youth!

"Midst every Grief thou still art mine!

"Dear Pledge of WINIFREDA's Truth,

"And Solace of my Life's Decline!

"Tho'

"Tho' from the World and worldly Care

"My wearied Mind I mean to free,

"Yet ev'ry Hour that Heaven can spare,

"My ARMINÉ, I devote to thee.

"And sure that Heaven my Hopes shall bless,

"And make thee fam'd for Virtues fair,

"And happy too, if Happiness

"Depend upon a Parent's Pray'r:

"Last Hope of Life's departing Day,

"In whom its future Scenes I see!

"No truant Thought shall ever stray

"From this lone Hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble Fate resign'd,

His Breast each anxious Care forgoes;

All but the Care of ARMINÉ's Mind,

The dearest Task a Parent knows!

And

4 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

And well were all his Cares repaid;

In ARMINE's Breast each Virtue grew,

In full Maturity display'd

To fond Affection's anxious View.

Nor yet neglected were the Charms,

To polish'd Life that Grace impart;

Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms

'Till Science humanize the Heart.

And when he saw the lawless Train

Of Passions in the youthful Breast,

He curb'd them not with rigid Rein,

But strove to soothe them into Rest.

"Think not, my Son, in this," he cry'd,

"A Father's Precept shall displease:

"No—be each Passion gratify'd

"That tends to Happiness or Ease.

"Nor

"Nor shall th' ungrateful Task be mine of T

"Their native generous Warmth to blame,

"That Warmth if Reason's Suffrage join

"To point the Object and the Aim, T

"This Suffrage wanting, know, fond Boy,

"That every Passion proves a Foe: IT

"Tho' much it deal in promis'd Joy, H

"It pays, alas! in certain Woe. T

"Complete Ambition's wildest Scheme; T O

"In Power's most brilliant Robes appear;

"Indulge in Fortune's golden Dream; For

"Then ask thy Breast if Peace be there:

"No: it shall tell thee, Peace retires W

"If once of her lov'd Friends depriv'd;

"Contentment calm, subdued Desires, IT

"And Happiness that's self-deriv'd." H

To

6 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

To temper thus the stronger Fires
Of Youth he strove, for well he knew,
Boundless as Thought tho' Man's Desires,
The real Wants of Life were few.

And oft revolving in his Breast
Th' insatiate Lust of Wealth or Fame,
He, with no common Care oppress'd,
To Fortune thus would oft exclaim:

"O Fortune! at thy crouded Shrine
"What wretched Worlds of Suppliants bow!
"For ever hail'd thy Power divine,
"For ever breath'd the serious Vow,

"With tott'ring Pace and feeble Knee,
"See Age advance in shameless Haste,
"The palsy'd Hand is stretch'd to thee
"For Wealth he wants the Power to taste.

"See,

"See, led by Hope the youthful Train,

"Her fairy Dreams their Hearts have won;

"She points to what they ne'er shall gain,

"Or dearly gain—to be undone.

"Must I too form the votive Prayer,

"And wilt thou hear one Suppliant more?

"His Prayer, O Fortune! deign to hear,

"To thee who never pray'd before.

"O may one dear, one favour'd Youth,

"May ARMINE still thy Power disclaim;

"Kneel only at the Shrine of Truth,

"Count Freedom Wealth, and Virtue Fame!"

Lo! to his utmost Wishes blest,

The Prayer was heard; and Freedom's Flame,

And Truth, the Sunshine of the Breast,

Were ARMINE's wealth, were ARMINE's fame.

His

8 ARMINÉ AND ELVIRA,

His Heart no selfish Cares confin'd,

He felt for all that feel Distress,

And, still benevolent and kind,

He blest'd them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what tho' Fortune's Frown deny

With Wealth to bid the Sufferer live?

Yet Pity's Hand can oft supply

A Balm she never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient Drops assuage

The Wounds no ruder Hand can heal,

When Grief, Despair, Distraction rage,

While Death the Lips of Love shall seal.

Ah then, his Anguish to remove,

Depriv'd of all his Heart holds dear,

How sweet the still surviving Love

Of Friendship's Smile, of Pity's Tear!

This

This knew the Sire: He oft would cry,

"From these, my Son, O ne'er depart!

"These tender Charities, that tie

"In mutual League the human Heart."

"Be thine those Feelings of the Mind

"That wake at Honour's, Friendship's Call;

"Benevolence, that unconfined

"Extends her liberal Hand to all."

"By Sympathy's untutor'd Voice

"Be taught her social Laws to keep;

"Rejoice if human Heart rejoice,

"And weep if human Eye shall weep."

"The Heart that bleeds for others Woes,

"Shall feel each selfish Sorrow less;

"His Breast, who Happiness bestows,

"Reflected Happiness shall bless."

"Each

10, ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

"Each ruder Passion still withstood and still

"That breaks o'er Virtue's sober Line,

"The Tender, Noble, and the Good

"To cherish and indulge be thine.

"And yet, my ARMINE, might I name

"One Passion as a dangerous Guest;

"Well may'st thou wonder when I blame

"The Tendrest, Noblest, and the Best.

"Nature, 'tis true, with Love design'd

"To smooth the Race our Fathers ran;

"The Savage of the human Kind

"By Love was soften'd into Man.

"As feels the Ore the searching Fire,

"Expanding and refining too,

"So fairer glow'd each fair Desire,

"Each gentle Thought so gentler grew.



"Each

"How

A LEGENDARY TALE. II

"How chang'd, alas! those happier Days!

"A Train how different now succeeds:

"While sordid Avarice betrays,

"Or empty Vanity misleads.

"Fled from the Heart each nobler Guest,

"Each genuine Feeling we forego;

"What Nature planted in the Breast,

"The Flowers of Love are Weeds of Woe.

"Hence all the Pangs the Heart must feel

"Between contending Passions tost,

"Wild Jealousy's avenging Steel,

"And Life and Fame and Virtue lost!

"Yet falling Life, yet fading Fame,

"Compar'd to what his Heart annoy

"Who cherishes a hopeless Flame,

"Are Terms of Happiness and Joy.

B

"Ah,

12 ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

"Ah! then the soft Contagion fly!"

"And timely shun th'alluring Bait!"

The rising Blush, the downcast Eye

Proclaim'd—The Precept was too late.

The End of the First Part.

ARMINE

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART II.

DEEP in the Bosom of a Wood,
Where Art had form'd the moated Isle,
An antique Castle towering stood,
In Gothic Grandeur rose the Pile.

Here RAYMOND, long in Arms renown'd,
From Scenes of War would oft repair;
His Bed an only Daughter crown'd,
And smil'd away a Father's Care.

14 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

By Nature's happiest Pencil drawn,

She wore the vernal Morning's Ray:

The vernal Morning's blushing Dawn

Breaks not so beauteous into Day.

Her Breast, impatient of Controul,

Scorn'd in its silken Chains to lye,

And the soft Language of the Soul

Flow'd from her never-silent Eye.

The Bloom that open'd on her Face

Well seem'd an Emblem of her Mind,

Where snowy Innocence we trace,

With blushing Modesty combin'd.

To these resistless Grace impart

That Look of Sweetness form'd to please,

That Elegance, devoid of Art,

That Dignity that's lost in Ease.

What

What Youth so cold could view unmov'd

The Maid that ev'ry Beauty shar'd?

Her ARMINE saw, he saw, he lov'd,

He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd!

Unhappy Youth! he sunk oppress'd;

For much he labour'd to conceal

That gentlest Passion of the Breast,

Which ALL can feign, but FEW can feel.

Ingenuous Fears suppress the Flame,

Yet still he own'd its hidden Power;

With Transport dwelling on her Name,

He sooth'd the solitary Hour.

“How long,” he cry'd, “must I conceal

“What yet my heart could wish were known?

“How long the truest Passion feel,

“And yet that Passion fear to own?

"Ah! might I breathe my humble Vow!

"Might she too deign to lend an Ear!

"ELVIRA'S Self should then allow

"That ARMINÉ was at least sincere.

"Wild With! to deem the matchless Maid

"Would listen to a Youth like me,

"Or that my Vows could e'er persuade,

"Sincere and constant tho' they be!

"Ah! what avail my Love or Truth?

"She listens to no lowly Swain;

"Her Charms must bless some happier Youth,

"Some Youth of Fortune's titled Train.

"Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!

"The flattering Prospect I resign!

"And bear from my deluded View

"The Bliss that never must be mine!"

"Yet

"Yet will the Youth, whoe'er he be,

"In Truth or Tendernefs excell?

"Or will he on thy Charms like me

"With Fondnefs never-dying dwell?

"Will he with thine his Hopes unite?

"With ready Zeal thy Joys improve?

"With fond Attention and Delight

"Each Wish prevent, each Fear remove?

"Will he, still faithful to thy Charms,

"For constant Love be long rever'd?

"Nor quit that Heaven within thy Arms

"By every tender Tie endear'd?

"What tho' his boastful Heart be vain

"Of all that Birth or Fortune gave?

"Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,

"At least as noble and as brave?

18 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

"Then be its gentle Suit preferr'd!

"Its tender Sighs ELVIRA hear!

"In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard;

"Unpidied falls this lonely Tear!"

Twice Twelve revolving Moons had past,

Since first he caught the fatal View;

Unchang'd by Time his Sorrows last,

Uncheer'd by Hope his Passion grew.

That Passion to indulge, he fought

In RAYMOND'S Groves the deepest Shade,

There Fancy's haunting Spirit brought

The Image of his long-lov'd Maid,

But hark! what more than mortal Sound

Steals on Attention's raptur'd Ear!

✓ The Voice of Harmony around

Swells in wild Whispers soft and clear.

Can

Can human Hand a Tone so fine
Sweep from the String with Touch prophane?
Can human Lip with Breath divine
Pour on the Gale so sweet a Strain?

'Tis She—the Source of ARMINE'S Woe—
'Tis She—whence all his Joy must spring—
From her lov'd Lips the Numbers flow,
Her magic Hand awakes the String.

NOW, ARMINE, now thy Love proclaim,
'Thy instant Suit the Time demands;
Delay not—Tumult shakes his Frame!
And lost in Ecstasy he stands!

What Magic chains thee to the Ground?
What Star malignant rules the Hour,
That thus in fixt Delirium drown'd,
Each Sense intranc'd hath lost its Pow'r?

The

20 ARMINÉ AND ELVIRA,

"The Trance dispel! awake, arise!

"Speak what untutor'd Love inspires!

The Moment's past—thy wild Surprise

She fees, nor unalarm'd retires.

"Stay, sweet Illusion! stay thy Flight!

—"Tis gone!—ELVIRA'S Form it wore—

"Yet one more Glimpse of short Delight!

"Tis gone, to be beheld no more!

"Fly, loitering Feet! the Charm pursue

"That plays upon my Hopes and Fears!

"Hah!—no Illusion mocks my View!

"Tis She—ELVIRA'S Self appears!

"And shall I on her Steps intrude?

"Alarm her in these lonely Shades?

"O stay, fair Nymph! no Russian rude

"With base Intent your Walk invades.

"Far

"Far gentler thoughts"—his faltering tongue
 By humble Diffidence restrain'd,
 Paus'd in Suspense—but thus ere long,
 As Love impell'd, its Power regain'd:

"Far gentler Thoughts that Form inspires;
 "With me far gentler Passions dwell;
 "This Heart hides only blameless Fires,
 "Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

"The faltering Voice that fears Controul,
 "Blushes that inward Fires declare,
 "Each tender Tumult of the Soul
 "In silence owns ELVIRA there."

He said; and as the trembling Dove
 Sent forth t'explore the watery Plain,
 Soon fear'd her Flight might fatal prove,
 And sudden sought her Ark again,

His

22 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

His Heart recoil'd; as one that rued

What he too hastily confess'd,

And all the rising Soul subdued

Sought Refuge in his inmost Breast.

The tender Strife ELVIRA saw

Distress'd; and as some Parent mild,

When arm'd with Words and Looks of Awe,

Melts o'er the Terrors of her Child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry Fear

In soft Sensations died away;

They felt the Force of ARMINE'S Tear,

And fled from Pity's rising Sway.

"That mournful Voice, that modest Air,

"Young Stranger, speak the courteous Breast,

"Then why to these rude Scenes repair,

"Of Shades the solitary Guest?

^
"And

"And who is she whose Fortunes bear

"ELVIRA's melancholy Name?

"O may those Fortunes prove more fair,

"Than hers who sadly owns the same!

"Ah, gentle Maid, in mine survey

"A Heart," he cries, "that's yours alone!

"Long has it own'd ELVIRA's Sway,

"Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

"On SHERWOOD's old heroic Plain

"ELVIRA grac'd the festal Day,

"There, foremost of the youthful Train,

"Her ARMINE bore the Prize away.

"There first that Form my Eyes survey'd,

"With future Hopes that fill'd my Heart;

"But ah! beneath that Frown they fade—

"Depart, vain, vanquish'd Hopes! depart."

no

He

He laid; and on the Ground his Eyes
 Were fixt abash'd: Th'attentive Maid,
 Lost in the Tumult of Surprize,
 The well-remember'd Youth survey'd.

The transient Colour went and came,
 The struggling Bosom sunk and rose,
 The trembling Tumults of her Frame
 The strong-conflicting Soul disclose.

The Time, the Scene she saw with Dread,
 Like CYNTHIA setting glanc'd away,
 But scatter'd Blushes as she fled,
 Blushes that spoke a brighter Day.

A friendly Shepherd's neighbouring Shed
 To pass the live-long Night he sought,
 And Hope, the Lover's downy Bed,
 A sweeter Charm than Slumber brought.

On

On every Thought ELVIRA dwelt,
 The tender Air, the Aspect kind,
 The Pity that he found she felt,
 And all the Angel in her Mind.

No self-plum'd Vanity was there,
 With fancy'd Consequence elate;
 Unknown to her the haughty Air
 That means to speak superior State.

Her Brow no keen Resentments arm,
 No Swell of empty Pride she knew,
 In trivial Minds that takes th'Alarm,
 Should humble Love aspire to sue.

Such Love, by flattering Charms betray'd,
 Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
 And, blushing for the Choice he made,
 Shall fly where gentler Virtues dwell.

'Tis

26 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

'Tis then the Mind, from Bondage free,
And all its former Weakness o'er,
Asserts its native Dignity,
And scorns what Folly priz'd before.

The scanty Pane the rising Ray
On the plain Wall in Diamonds threw,
The Lover hail'd the welcome Day,
And to his favorite Scene he flew.

There soon ELVIRA bent her Way,
Where long her lonely Walks had been,
Nor less had the preceding Day,
Nor ARMINE less endear'd the Scene.

Oft, as she pass'd, her rising Heart
Its stronger Tenderness confess'd,
And oft she linger'd to impart
To some soft Shade her secret Breast.

“How

"How slow the heavy Hours advance,"

She cry'd, "since that eventful Day,"

"When first I caught the fatal Glance,

"That stole me from myself away!"

"Ah, Youth belov'd! tho' low thy Birth,"

"The noble Air, the manly Grace,

"That Look that speaks superior Worth,"

"Can Fashion, Folly, Fear erase?"

"Yet sure from no ignoble Stem

"Thy Lineage springs, tho' now unknown:

"The World censorious may condemn,"

"But, ARMINE, I am thine alone."

"To Splendor only do we live?"

"Must Pomp alone our Thoughts employ?"

"All, all that Pomp and Splendor give

"Is dearly bought with Love and Joy!"

C

"But

"But oh!—the favour'd Youth appears—"

"In penfive Grief he seems to move:

"My Heart forebodes unnumber'd Fears;

"Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!

"Hither his Footsteps seem to bend—

"Come, Resolution, to my Aid!

"My Breast what varying Passions rend!"

"Averse to go—to stay—afraid!"

"Dear Object of each fond Desire

"That throbs tumultuous in my Breast!

"Why with averted Glance retire?"

"At ARMINIE'S Presence why distrust?

"What tho' he boast no titled Name,

"No wide Extent of rich Domain?

"Yet must he feed a fruitless Flame,

"Must Truth and Nature plead in vain?

"Think

"Think not," she said, "by Forms betray'd;

"To humbler Worth my Heart is blind;

"For soon shall every Splendor fade,

"That beams not from the gifted Mind.

"But first thy Heart explore with Care,

"With Faith its fond Emotions prove;

"Lurks no unworthy Passion there?

"Prompts not Ambition bold to Love?"

"Yes, lovely Maid," the Youth replies,

"A bold Ambition prompts my Breast;

"The tow'ring Hope that Love supplies,

"The Wish in blessing to be blest.

"The meaner Prospects I despise

"That Wealth, or Rank, or Power bestow;

"Be yours the groveling Bliss ye prize,

"Ye fordid Minds that stoop so low!"

30 ARMINE AND ELVIRA;

"Be mine the more refin'd Delights

"Of Love that banishes Controul,

"When the fond Heart with Heart unites,

"And Soul's in Unison with Soul."

ELVIRA blush'd the warm Reply,

(To Love a Language not unknown)

The milder Glories fill'd her Eye,

And there a softer Lustre shone.

The yielding Smile that's Half suppress'd,

The short quick Breath, the trembling Tear,

The Swell tumultuous of the Breast,

In ARMINE'S Favour all appear.

At each kind Glance their Souls unite,

While Love's soft Sympathy imparts

That tender Transport of Delight

That beats in undivided Hearts.

Respectful

Respectful to his Lips he prest
Her yielded Hand; in Haste away
Her yielded Hand she drew distrest,
With Looks that witness'd wild Dismay.

"Ah whence, fair Excellence, those Fears?
"What Terror unforeseen alarms?"
"See! where a Father's Frown appears"—
She said, and sunk into his Arms.

"My Daughter! Heavens! it cannot be—
"And yet it must—O dire Disgrace!
"ELVIRA have I liv'd to see
"Clasp'd in a Peasant's vile Embrace!

"This daring Guilt let Death repay"—
His vengeful Arm the Javelin threw;
With erring Aim it wing'd his Way,
And far, by Fate averted, flew.

ELVIRA

32 ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

ELVIRA breathes—her Pulses beat,
Returning Life illumines her Eye;
Trembling, a Father's View to meet,
She spies a reverend Hermit nigh.

“Your Wrath,” she cries, “let Tears assuage—”

“Unheeded must ELVIRA pray?”

“O let an injur'd Father's Rage

“This Hermit's sacred Presence stay!”

“Yet deem not, lost in guilty Love,”

“I plead to save my Virgin Fame;

“My Weakness Virtue might approve,”

“And smile on Nature's holy Flame.”

“O welcome to my Hopes again,

“My Son,” the raptur'd Hermit cries,

“I sought thee sorrowing on the Plain,”

And all the Father fill'd his Eyes.

“Art

"Art thou," the raging RAYMOND said,

"Of this audacious Boy the Sire?

"Curse on the Dart that idly sped,

"Nor bade his peasant Soul expire!"

"His peasant Soul!"—indignant Fire

Flash'd from the conscious Father's Eye,

"A gallant Earl is ARMINE'S Sire,

"And know, proud Chief, that Earl am I.

"Tho' here, within the Hermit's Cell,

"I long have liv'd unknown to Fame,

"Yet crouded Camps and Courts can tell—

"Thou too hast heard of EGBERT'S Name."

"Hah! EGBERT! he, whom tyrant Rage

"Forc'd from his Country's bleeding Breast?

"The Patron of my Orphan Age,

"My Friend, my Warrior stands confess!

"But

"But why?"—"The painful Story spare,

"That prostrate Youth," said EGBERT, "see;

"His Anguish asks a Parent's Care,

"A Parent, once who pitied thee!"

RAYMOND, as one, who glancing round,

Seems from some sudden Trance to start,

Snatch'd the pale Lovers from the Ground,

And held them trembling to his Heart.

Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder shed

United Tears o'er Hymen's Reign,

And Nature her best Triumph led,

For Love and Virtue join'd her Train;

2 AP 57

THE END.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,
A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD
IN
THREE FITS.

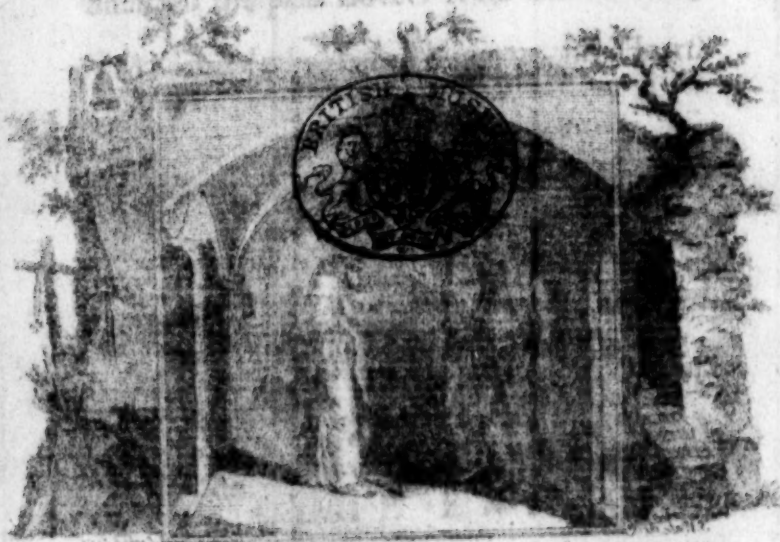


ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTLOB EMANUEL RICHTER,
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THE
HERMIT OF WAINWORTH

A
NORTHUMBRIAN BALLAD



ALTBURG

Printed for GEORGE EMANUEL RICHTER,
and committed to A. F. ROSE, Bookseller,
in Leipzig, MDCCLXXII.

TO
HER GRACE
E L I Z A B E T H,
D U C H E S S A N D C O U N T E S S
O F
N O R T H U M B E R L A N D,
I N H E R O W N R I G H T
B A R O N E S S P E R C Y.
&c. &c. &c.

DO W N in a northern Vale wild Flowrets
grew,
And lent new Sweetness to the summer Gale;
The Muse there found them all remote from
View,
Obscur'd with Weeds, and scattered o'er the
Dale.

O Lady, may so slight a Gift prevail,
And at Your gracious Hands Acceptance find?
Say, may an ancient legendary Tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd Mind?

Surely the Cares and Woes of human Kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle Ear:
But all for You the Muse her Lay design'd,
And bade Your noble Ancestors appear;

She seeks no other Praise, if You commend
Her great Protectress, Patroness, and Friend.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*W*ARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland stands very boldly on a Neck of Land near the Sea-Shore, almost surrounded by the River COQUET, called by our old Latin Historians, COQUEDA, which runs with a clear rapid Stream, but when swoln with Rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a Mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic Valley, are the Remains of a HERMITAGE, of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great Elegance in a Cliff near the River; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for an Antechapel and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred Uses: for the Former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, is thought to have had an Altar
in it,

in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

*Each of these Apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in Length exceed eighteen Feet; nor is more than seven Feet and a half in Breadth and Height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid Rock; and has all the Decorations of a compleat gothic Church or Cathedral in Minia-
ture. (*)*

*But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is, a small Tomb or Monument, on the South-Side of the Altar: on the Top of which, lies a Female Figure extended in the Manner that Effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient Tombs. This Figure, which is very
delicately*

(*) The Frontispice represents the Inside of the Chapel, as it now appears, very exactly drawn.

delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an Image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least Resemblance to the Manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; who is usually erect, as the Object of Adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent Posture. Indeed the real Image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the Altar; whereas the Figure of the Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's Feet, the usual Place for the Crest in old Monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different Personage.

About the Tomb are several other Figures, which as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural Rock, in the same Manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight Traditions are scat-

tered through the Country concerning the Origin and Foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following Rhimer.

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM Family, which had once considerable Possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situated about ten Miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same BERTRAM, that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel: which both stand in the same winding Valley, higher up the River.

But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the Reign of King Henry I. (*) whereas the Form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the Altar, is found rather

(*) Tanner's Mon. Ang.

rather to resemble the Style of Architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the Sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's Feet on the Tomb; for Camden (*) informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the Reign of K. Edward II.

These Appearances still extant, strongly confirm the Account given in the following Poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the same Person that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth Century, but rather one of the BERTRAM Family, who lived at a later Period.

(*) See his Remains.

 **FIT** was the Word used by the old Min-
strels to signify a **PART** or **DIVISION** of
their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly ap-
propriated to this Kind of Compositions. See
Reliques of Ancient Engl. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166
and 397. 2d Ed.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state;
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in fore dismay.

LA

E2

With

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire!
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

O weep not, Lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

And

And while some sheltering bower he sought

Within this lonely wood,

Ah! fore I fear his wandering feet

Have slept in yonder flood.

O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,

And to my cell repair;

Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,

And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,

He scales the cliff so high;

And calls aloud, and waves his light

To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds

With careful steps and slow;

At length a voice return'd his call,

Quick answering from below:

O tell me, Father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my Son, the Hermit said;
The lady's safe and well:
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They loved each other dear:
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah!

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,

Beheld so sweet a pair:

The youth was tall with manly bloom,

She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest-green,

With bugle-horn so bright:

She in a silken robe and scarf

Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my Children, says the Sage;

Sweet rest your limbs require:

Then heaps fresh fewel on the hearth,

And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,

Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;

And spreading all upon the board,

Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, Father, for thy bounteous fare;

The youthful couple say:

Then freely ate, and made good cheer,

And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my Children, (for perchance

My counsel may avail)

What strange adventure brought you here

Within this lonely dale?

First tell me, Father, said the youth,

(Nor blame mine eager tongue)

What town is near? What lands are these?

And to what lord belong?

Alas! my Son, the Hermit said,

Why do I live to say,

The rightful lord of these domains

Is banish'd far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Branham lost his life.

And

And now the PERCY name, so long

Our northern pride and boast,

Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;

Their honours reft and loft,

No chieftain of that noble house

Now leads our youth to arms;

The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,

And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,

Now moulder in decay;

Proud strangers now usurp their lands,

And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream

Runs winding down the lea,

Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,

And overlooks the sea,

Those

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspred,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills
The PERCY lives unknown:
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!—
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bless me, Father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am HE.

Silent

10 THE HERMIT

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd Lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young Lady be,
That is so wonderful fair.

Now, Father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me,

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's house^b
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He

He fought, till more assistance came;

The Scots were overthrown;

Thus freed me, captive, from their bands

To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:

Blest were the wounds I bare!

From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,

And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,

She vowed to be my bride;

But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)

Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE

Our house's ancient foe,

To me I thought a banish'd wight

Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing

Despairing then to gain consent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said;
Awhile your cares foregoe:
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed;
—We'll pass the night below.^d

The End of the First Part.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

F

What

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast?

Her cheek what blushes dyed,

When fondly he besought her there

To yield to be his bride?

Within this lonely hermitage

There is a chapel meet:

Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,

And make my bliss compleat.

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,

Can I thy suit withstand?

When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,

Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,

And mother's tender care;

And whether weal or woe betide,

Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,

Such matchless favour show,

To share with me a banish'd wight

My peril, pain, or woe?

Now

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands COQUET Isle
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee:

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed;
To RABY castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd

He greets the noble pair,

And glad consents to join their hands

With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to RABY's distant walls

He kindly wends his way;

Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet

They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,

The Hermitage they view'd,

Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,

And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,

All cut with nicest skill,

And piercing thro' a stony Arch,

Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb

His little Garden stands;

With fruitful trees in shady rows,

All planted by his hands.

Then

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,

Three sacred vaults he shows:

The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,

On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,

That should a chapel grace;

The Lattice for confession fram'd,

And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either door a sacred Text

Invites to godly fear;

And in a little Scutcheon hung

The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth

Two easy steps ascend;

And near a glimmering solemn light

Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb

All in the living stone;

On which a young and beauteous maid

In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to these her Crest.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek:

Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

THE
HERMIT'S TALE.

YOUNG lord, thy grandfire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young BERTRAM lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place;
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came;
But BERTRAM was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With

With wassel, mirth, and revelry

The castle rung around:

Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,

And pipes of martial sound.

The Minstrels of thy noble house,

All clad in robes of blue,

With silver crescents on their arms,

Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race

They sung: their high command:

"How valiant MAINFRED o'er the seas

"First led his northern band. ^h

"Brave GALFRID next to Normandy

"With venturous ROLLO came;

"And from his Norman castles won

"Assum'd the PERCY name. ⁱ

"They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet

"Lord WILLIAM ship'd his powers,

"And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride

"With all her lands and towers. ^k

"Then

"Then journeying to the Holy Land,

"There bravely fought and dy'd:

"But first the silver Crescent wan,

"Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

"They sung how AGNES, beauteous heir,

"The queen's own brother wed

"Lord JOSCELINE, sprung from Charlemagne,

"In princely Brabant bred.

"How he the PERCY name reviv'd,

"And how his noble line

"Still foremost in their country's cause

"With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd

Applaud the master's song,

And deeds of arms and war became

The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,

Their perils past recall:

When, lo! a damsel young and fair

Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She

She BERTRAM courteously address'd;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young BERTRAM took the shining helme
And thrice he kiss'd the same:
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The

5

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horses and more:
Brave WIDDRINGTON, tho' sunk in years,
The PERCY-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now,

Now, BERTRAM, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young BERTRAM bow'd, with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir BERTRAM's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem Sir BERTRAM round:
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain;
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift!
—His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was firew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
And weltering in his gore
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To WARK's fair castle bore.^m

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love?
Her father kindly said;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came,

Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:

Beshrew me, said the aged chief,

Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son thou shalt her see

So soon as thou canst ride;

And she shall nurse thee in her bower,

And she shall be thy bride.

SIR BERTRAM, at her name reviv'd,

He bless'd the soothing sound;

Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,

And heal'd his ghastly wound.

The End of the Second Part.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir BERTRAM from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,

That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir BERTRAM call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear:

What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

'Tis BERTRAM calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:

All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy Lady fair.

Now out alas! she loudly shriek'd,
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir BERTRAM's heart,
And oft he deeply sigh'd;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
 Since she set out to thee;
 And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
 Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
 She tore her hair, and cried,
 Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
 All thro' my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
 And his dear health regain,
 I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
 And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
 One morn at break of day;
 And two tall yeomen went with her
 To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir BERTRAM's heart,
 And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
 Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
 'Till I thy Lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our drefs we'll change.

Some Scottish earle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their drefs they change.

Sir BERTRAM clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
 With pipes so sweet and shrill;
 And wends to every tower and town;
 O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn
 All sunk in deep despair,
 An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
 Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that ever I saw,
 Are full of game and glee:
 But thou art sad and woe-begone!
 I marvel whence it be!

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
 Whose grief afflicts my mind;
 His only child is stol'n away,
 And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my Son; perchance, he said,
 Some tidings I may bear:
 For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
 Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
 Down in the lowly glen,
 There stands a castle fair and strong,
 Far from th'abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
 About this evening hour,
 Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
 Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,
 What Lady sick there lay?
 They rudely drove me from the gate,
 And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir BERTRAM'S ear,
 He thank'd him for his tale;
 And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
 And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
 Which stood in dale so low,
 And sitting down beside the gate,
 His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home?

'To hear a Minstrel's song?

Or may I crave a lodging here

Without offence or wrong?

My lord, he said, is not at home:

To hear a Minstrel's song:

And should I lend thee lodging here

My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,

Such power sweet sounds impart,

He won the churlish porter's ear,

And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he say'd, thou play'st so sweet,

Fair entrance thou should'st win;

But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood

To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff

Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;

And here thou shalt my supper share,

And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
 And pipes both loud and clear:
 All night he watches round the walls,
 In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
 All at the midnight hour,
 He plainly heard his Lady's voice
 Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
 And gilt the spangled dew;
 He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
 But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
 'till near the morning tide;
 When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
 And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
 Depending from the wall;
 And o'er the mote was newly laid
 A poplar strong and tall.

And

And soon he saw his love descend

Wrapt in a tartan plaid;

Affisted by a sturdy youth

In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,

He lay unseen and still;

And soon he saw them cross the stream,

And mount the neighbouring hills

Unheard, unknown of all within,

The youthful couple fly.

But what can scape the lover's ken?

Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close

Behind the flying pair,

And saw her hang upon his arm

With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;

My thanks thou well hast won:

For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd?

For me what dangers run?

And ever shall my grateful heart

Thy services repay——

Sir BERTRAM could no further hear,

But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor! yield that Lady up!——

And quick his sword he drew.

The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,

And at Sir BERTRAM flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms

Gave many a vengeful blow:

But BERTRAM's stronger hand prevail'd,

And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust

Attends each furious word.

Ah? then fair ISABEL knew his voice,

And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!

Thou dost thy brother slay!——

And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:

His tongue no more could say.

At

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair, how
 My

How shall I tell the rest?
 His

Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
 She

It fell, and stab'd her breast.
 Re

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
 Her

Ah! cruel fate! they said.
 And

The Hermit wept, and so did they:
 My

They sigh'd; he hung his head.
 Which

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
 B

What evils from thee flow?
 Thou

The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd;
 M

He wept, and they were woe.
 We

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
 For

And saw my lady bleed,
 And

I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
 When

That wrought the fatal deed.
 I

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
 I

And clos'd the ghastly wound;
 I

In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
 His

And rais'd it from the ground.
 Upon

My

My

My brother, alas! spake never more,
 His precious life was flown!
 She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
 Regardless of her own.

BERTRAM, she said, be comforted,
 And live to think on me:
 May we in heaven that union prove,
 Which here was not to be!

BERTRAM, she said, I still was true;
 Thou only hadst my heart:
 May we hereafter meet in bliss!
 We now, alas! must part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,
 And flew to thy relief,
 When, lo! near Chivior's fatal hills
 I met a Scottish chief,

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love,
 I had refus'd with scorn;
 He slew my guards and seiz'd on me
 Upon that fatal morn:

And

And in these dreary hated walls

He kept me close confin'd;

And fondly sued, and warmly press'd

To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,

Each night increas'd my fear;

When wandering in this northern garb

Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design

To set me captive free;

And on the moor his horses wait

Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away

And for thyself provide;

And sometime fondly think on her,

Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul

Even with her latest breath,

She gave one parting fond embrace,

And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay:
 Then sudden all in frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay:
 And rising up in furious haste
 I seiz'd the bloody brand:
 A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
 And wrench'd it from my hand.
 A crowd, that from the castle came,
 Had miss'd their lovely ward;
 And seizing me to prison bare,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.
 It chanc'd that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
 Lord PERCY had us soon exchange'd,
 And strove to soothe my pain.
 And soon those honoured dear remains
 To England were convey'd;
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
 And oft to end it fought;
 Till time, and thought, and holy men
 Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows:
 They taught me to despise the world,
 And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
 Vain hope, and sordid care;
 I meekly vowed to spend my life
 In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
 Impetuous, haughty, wild;
 But poor and humble BENEDICT,
 Now lowly, patient, mild:

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
 And sacred altars raise;
 And here a lonely Anchorite
 I came to end my days.

This

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
 These rocks, and hanging grove;
 For oft beside this murmuring stream
 My love was wont to rove:

My noble friend approv'd my choice;
 This blest retreat he gave:
 And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
 And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
 My life I've lingered here;
 And daily o'er this sculptured saint
 I drop the penfive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
 So faithful and so true,
 The sad remembrance of thy fate
 Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
 Forsaken, or forgot,
 The PERCY and his noble Son
 Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike SON, °
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old fire;
And guided by his sage advice
To Scotland they retire.

H

Mean-

Mean-time their suit such favour found

At RABY's stately hall,

Earl NEVILLE and his princely Spouse

Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her Nephew's throne

The royal grace implor'd:

To all the honours of his race

The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more

Admir'd his beauteous dame:

NINE noble SONS to him she bore,

All worthy of their name.

The End of the Ballad.

NOTES

TO THE

HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

a) ROBERT STUART, Duke of Albany. See the Continuator of FORDUN's Scoti-Chronicon, Cap. 18. Cap. 23. &c.

b) RALPH NEVILLE, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal Residence was at RABY Castle, in the Bishoprick of Durham.

c) JOAN, Countess of Westmoreland, Mother of the young Lady, was Daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and Half-Sister of King HENRY IV.

d) Adjoining to the Cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the Remains of a small Building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower Apartment, with a little Bedchamber over it, and is now in Ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid Rock, is still very intire and perfect.

e) In the little Island of COQUET, near Warkworth, are still seen the Ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

f) This

f) This is a Bull's Head, the Crest of the WIDDRINGTON Family. All the Figures &c. here described are still visible; only somewhat effaced with Length of Time.

g) WIDDRINGTON Castle is about five Miles South of Warkworth.

h) See Dugdale's Baronage, &c.

i) In Lower Normandy are three Places of the Name of PERCY: whence the Family took the Surname DE PERCY.

k) WILLIAM DE PERCY, fifth in Descent from GALFRID, or GEFREY DE PERCY, Son of MAINFRED, assisted in the Conquest of England, and had given him the large Possessions in Yorkshire, of EMMA DE PORTE, so the Norman Writers name her, whose Father, a great Saxon Lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young Lady, WILLIAM from a Principle of Honour and Generosity, married: for having had all her Lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, "He (to use the Words of the old Whitby Chronicle) "wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in "discharging of his Conscience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (26)—He died in Asia, in the first Crusade.

l) AGNES DE PERCY, sole Heiress of her House married JOSCELINE DE LOVAIN, youngest

youngest Son GODFREY BARBATUS, Duke of Brabant, and Brother of Queen Adeliza, second Wife of King Henry I. He took the Name of PERCY, and was Ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His Son Lord RICHARD DE PERCY was one of the twenty-five Barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

m) WARK Castle, a Fortrefs belonging to the English, and of great Note in ancient Times, stood on the southern Bank of the River TWEED, a little to the East of TIVIOTDALE, and not far from Kelso. It is now intirely destroyed.

n) i. e. Sword,

o) Hotspur,

p) King Henry V. A. D. 1414.

q) The Account given in this Ballad of young PERCY, the Son of HOTSPUR, receives the following Confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby.

"HENRY PERCY, the son of Sir HENRY
"PERCY, that was slayne at Shrewsbury, and
"of ELIZABETH, the daughter of the Erle of
"Marche, after the death of his Father and
"Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland in the time
"of king Henry the Fourth: but in the time of
"king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of Jo-

"HANNE

"HANNE the countes of Westmerland, whose
 "Daughter ALIANOR he HAD WEDDED IN
 "COMING INTO ENGLAND: he recovered the
 "King's grace, and the countye of Northumber-
 "land, so was the SECOND ERLE of Northum-
 "berland.

"And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX
 "Sonnes, - and III Daughters, whose names be
 "JOHANNE, that is buried at Whytbye:
 "THOMAS, lord Egremont: KATHERYNE
 "GRAY of Rythyn: Sir RAFFE PERCY:
 "WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp: RI-
 "CHARD PERCY: JOHN, that dyed WITH-
 "OUT ISSUE: [another JOHN, called by Vin-
 "cent * Johannes Percy senior the Warkworth:]
 "GEORGE PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that
 "dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: ANNE——"
 [besides the eldest son and successor here omitted,
 because he comes in below, viz.]

"HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of
 "NORTHUMBERLAND."

Vid. Harl. MSS. N. 692. (26.) in the Brit. Mus.

* See his Great Baronag. N. 20. in the Heralds office.

P O S T S C R I P T.

It will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist [a] which is in our Translation,

**MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT
DAY AND NIGHT.**

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries: After which the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will show the liberal

H 4

Ex-

a) Psalm xlii, 3.

Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIth's time. [b]

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT
OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

HENRY Erle of NORTHUMBERLAND, &c. KNOWE youe that I the saide Erle, in consideration of the diligent and thankfull service that my welbeloved Chaplen sir GEORGE LANCASTRE hath don unto me the said Erle, and also for the goode and vertus disposition that I do perceyve in him: And for that he shall have in his daily recommendation and praiers the good estate of all such noble Blode and other Personages, as be now levyng; And the Soules of such noble Blode as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and wrettyen in a table upon perchment signed with thande of me the said Erle, and delivered to the custodie and keapynge of the said sir George Lancaster: And further, that he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in celebratyng and doynge Masse of *Requiem* every weke accordinge as it ys written and set furth in the saide Table: H A V E given and graunted, and by these presentes do gyve and graunte unto the said

b) Classed, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc. Northumb.

saïd sir George, myn ARMYTAGE belded in
a Rock of stone within my Parke of WARK-
WORTH in the Countie of Northumbreland in
the honour of the blessed Trynete, With a yerly
Stipende of twenty Merks by yer [c], from the
feest of seint Michell tharchaungell last past affore
the date herof yerly duryng the naturall lyve of
the saïd sir George: AND also I the saïd Erle
have geven and graunted, and by these Presents
do gyve and graunte unto the saïd sir George
Lancaster, the occupation of onelittle Gresground
of myn called Cony-garth nygh adjoynynge the
saïd Harmytage, only to his owne use and proufit
wynter and somer duryng the saïd terme; THE
Garden and Orteyarde belonging the saïd Armyta-
ge; THE Gate [d] and Pasture of Twelf Kye
and a Bull, with their Calves suling; AND two
Horses goying and beyng within my saïd Parke of
Warkworth wynter and somer; ONE Draught of
Fisshe every Sondaie in the yere to be drawn
fornenst [e] the saïd Armytage, called The Try-
nete Draught; AND Twenty Lods of Fyrewode
to be taken of my Wodds called Shilbotell Wo-
de, duryng the saïd term. The saïd Stipend of
xx Merks by yer to be taken and perceyved [f]
yerly

c) This would be equal to £. 100 *per annum* now. See
the Chronicon Pretiosum.

d) i. e. Going: from the Verb, To GAE.

e) Or fore-anenst: i. e. opposite.

f) Sic MS.

yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fysshing
 of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or
 Fermours of the same for the tyme beyng yer-
 ly at the times ther used and accustomed by
 evyn Portions. IN wytnes Allowe in recompense
 whereof to thes my Lettres hereof yerly xll g
 Patentees I the said Erle have Richard Ryche.
 set the Seale of myn Armes:

Y E V E N undre my Signet at my Castell of
 Warkworth, the third daie of December, in
 the xxiiiith Yer of the Reigne of our Sovereyn
 Lorde kyng Henry the eight.

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the
 above Patent was produced before the Court of
 Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20. Oct. An.
 29. Hen. viii. when the same was allowed by the
 Chancellor and Counsel of the said Court, and
 all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir
 George Lancaster; Excepting that in compensa-
 tion for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks,
 he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and
 to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel,
 and the Hospital of St. Leonard, within the Ba-
 rony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumber-
 land.

After

g) So the MS. The above Sir Richard Rych was Chan-
 cellor of the Augmentations at the Suppression of the
 Monasteries.

After the perusal of the above P A T E N T it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake, some have fallen into: of confounding this Hermitage N E A R Warkworth, with a Chantry founded W I T H I N the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeston for the maintenance there of t w o Benedictine Monks from Durham [b]. That small monastic foundation is indeed called a C E L L by bishop Tanner [i]: but he must be very ignorant indeed, who supposes that by the word C E L L is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its scite, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than O N E Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the H E R M I T A G E, is plainly proved, if any further proof is wanting, by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the year 1567, [k] viz.

“There

b) Ang. Sacr. p. 738.

i) Mon. Ang. p. 396.

k) By Geo. Clarkson. penes Duc. North.

"There is in the Parke, sc. of Warkworth,
 "also one Howse hewyn within one Cragge, which
 "is called the HERMITAGE CHAPEL: In
 "the same ther haith bene ONE PREAST
 "keaped, which did such godlye Services as that
 "tyme was used and celebrated. The Mantion
 "Howse, [sc. the small building adjoining to the
 "Cragg] ys nowe in decaye: the Clofes that ap-
 "pertained to the said Chantie is occupied to
 "his Lordship's use."

F I N I S.

2 AP 57

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE,
A P O E M

BY
DR. G O L D S M I T H.



The sad historian of the pensive plain.

ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTLOB EMANUEL RICHTER,
and committed to A. F. BOEME Bookseller
in LEIPZIG. MDCCLXXIII.

DESERTED VILLAGE

MEMORANDUM

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE



AL TENENBURGH.

in 1910. M. D. 1911.

TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I Can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to Your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The

ii DEDICATION.

only Dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object, (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge; and
that

DEDICATION. iii

that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up too much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the encrease of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous.

K

Still

Still however, I must remain a professed
ancient on that head, and continue to think
those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which
so many vices are introduced, and so many
kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much
has been poured out of late on the other
side of the question, that, merely for the
sake of novelty and variety, one would so-
metimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of
the plain,
Where health and plenty cheared the labour-
ing swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring
hill,

2 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And flights of art and feats of strength went
round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks
reprove!

These

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 3

These were thy charms, sweet village; sports
like these;

With sweet succession taught even toil to please;

These round thy bowers their chearful influen-
ce shed;

These were thy charms—But all these charms
are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,

Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,

And desolation saddens all thy green:

One only master grasps the whole domain,

And half a tillage flints thy smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,

But choaked with sedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,

The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,

And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

4 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its
man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 5

But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the
green;
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view,
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
grew,

6 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to
pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of
care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my
share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learned
skill,

Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
pursue,

Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 7

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations
try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous
deep;

No furly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

There

8 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

There as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisper-
ing wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for
bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 9

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn;

She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
finiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows
wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change
his place;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His

10 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their
pain;

The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims
allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow
done,

Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields
were won,

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;

But

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 41

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for
all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the
skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was lay'd,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
may'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth

12 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to
pray.

The service past, around the pious man,

With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;

Even children followed with endearing wile,

And plucked his gown, to share the good
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
distrest;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,

Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Thus

Beside

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the
way,

With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,

The village master taught his little school;

A man severe he was, and stern to view,

I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:

Full well the busy whisper circling round,

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,

The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The village all declared how much he knew;

'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-

sage,

And even the story ran that he could gauge.

In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,

For even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;

While

14 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

While words of learned length, and thun-
dering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing
eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil re-
tired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks
profound,
And news much older than their ale went
round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded
floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the
door;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;

The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of
goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the
day,

With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel
gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all

Reprive the tottering mansion from its fall!

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;

Thither no more the peasant shall repair

To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

16 THE DESERTED VILLAGE

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to
hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear; congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born
sway
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,

In

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who
survey

The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a
name

That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds,
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half
their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes.
 But when those charms are past, for charms
 are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize;
 While scourged by famine from the smiling
 land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
reign,

Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn
thine eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female
lies.

She once, in village plenty blest,

Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,

And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from
the shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour

When idly first, ambitious of the town,

She left her wheel and robes of country
brown.

Do

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 21

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the lo-
veliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they

go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd be-
fore,

The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods where birds forget to
sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

22 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than
they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
skies.

Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,
That called them from their native walks
away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked
their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And

And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old fire, the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others

woe.

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her

woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a

tear,

And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for
thee!

How

24 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;

At every draught more large and large they
grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;

Till sapped their strength, and every part
unsound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
round.

Even now the devastation is begun,

And half the business of destruction done;

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land:

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the
sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,

Downward they move, a melancholy band,

Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Con-

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
 And piety, with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love:
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so;

Thou guide by which the nobler arts excell,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
 Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;

Aid

26 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength
 possess,
 Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

F I N I S.

2 AP. 57

THE
T R A V E L L E R,
A P O E M

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. M. B.



ALTENBURGH.

Printed for GOTTLOB EMANUEL RICHTER,
and committed to A. F. BOEME Bookseller
in LEIPZIG. MDGCLXXIII.

THE
T R A V E L L E R
A F O M

OF THE COLONIAL MUSEUM



ADDITIONAL
Printed for the Trustees of the British Museum
and sold by A. C. Brown, Bookseller
in London, and elsewhere.

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety,

D E D I C A T I O N. ii

be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But, of all kinds of Ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions
ad a M
of

DEDICATION. iii

of party, that which pursues poetical fame
is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal Amusement
among unpolished nations; but in a country
verging to the extremes of refinement, Paint-
ing and Music come in for a share. As these
offer the feeble mind a less laborious enter-
tainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at
length supplant her; they engross all that
favour once shewn to her, and though but
younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-
right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected
by the powerful, it is still in greater danger

N

from

iv DEDICATION

from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iam-bics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom
desists

DEDICATION.

desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. With-

vi DEDICATION.

out espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, flow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering
Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:

2 THE TRAVELLER.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless
And drags at each remove a lengthening
chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints at-
tend:

Blest be that spot, where chearful guests
To pause from toil, and trim their evening
fire;

Blest that abode, where want and pain re-
pair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair;

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,

Laugh

Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to
 share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and
 care,

Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with
 the view;

That, like the circle bounding earth and
 skies,

Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my

own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's ca-
reer,
Look downward where an hundred realms
appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler
pride.

When thus Creation's charms around com-
bine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride re-
pine?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bo-
som vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;

And

And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind,
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splen-
dour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
round
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry
vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man
supplies:

Yet

Yet oft a ligh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope
 at rest,

May gather blifs to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negroe, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they
gave.

Such

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we

His first, or best country ever is, at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,

And estimate the blessings which they share,

Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind,

As different good, by Art or Nature given,

To different nations makes their blessings

even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,

Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;

With food as well the peasant is supply'd

On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;

And though the rocky crested summits frown,

These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

From Art more various are the blessings sent;

Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.

Yet

Yet

Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign content-
ment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long
prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;

While

10 THE TRAVELLER

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles
here.

Contrasted faults through all his manners
reign,

Though poor, luxurious, though submissive,
vain,

Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet
untrue,

And ev'n in pennance planning fins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,

That opulence departed leaves behind;

For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the
date,

When commerce proudly flourish'd through
the state;

At

At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column fought the skies;
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches
gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a
slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n
mind
An easy compensation seem to find.

Here

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguild,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Caesars once
bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger
pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swifts their stormy mansions
 ; 2000 ad as storm has in near tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But Man and steel, the soldier and his sword,
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
 No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a
 ; 2000 ad as storm has in near tread, charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
 , bed , 2000 ad as storm has in near tread, though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;

O

But

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plow-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark
the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the
forms;

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwinds roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but
few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures
ejoy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to
flame,

Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the
frame.

Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong
desire;

Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but
low,

For, as refinement stops, from fire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely pointed
dart

Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;

But

But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and
charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
reign,

I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring
Loire?

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wonderful
pow'r,

And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages, Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful
maze,

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestive lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore,

So blest a life these thoughtless realms
display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away:

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:

From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays;
And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get
esteem,

Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they
seem,

But

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly fought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion
draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward methinks, and diligently slow
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow.
Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth
Imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her
wing
And flies where Britain courts the western
spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

Stern

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the Blessings
pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life un-
known;
Here

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her
 charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms;
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
fame;

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I
state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;

Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,

Far from my bosom drive the low desire;

And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel

The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;

Thou transitory flower, alike undone

By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,

Still may thy blooms the changeful clime
endure,

I only would repress them to secure:

For just experience tells; in every soil,

That those who think must govern those that
toil;

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,

Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

Hence, should one order disproportion'd
grow,

Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the

throne,

Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree

To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations

roam,

Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful

hour,

When first ambition struck at regal power;

And

And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double
force.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled
shore,

Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?

Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,

Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;

Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,

Lead stern depopulation in her train,

And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,

In barren solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,

The smiling long-frequented village fall?

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,

The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,

To traverse climes beyond the western main;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps
around,

And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How

How

How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms,
 annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely
 known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our
 own.

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THE END.